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## DIVINITY.

From Chalmer's Discourses.

### *On the slender Influence of mere Taste and Sensibility in Matters of Religion.*

"And lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one who hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument; for they hear thy words, but they do them not."—Ezekiel xxxiii. 32.

(Concluded.)

Could the sense of what is due to God, be effectually stirred up within the human bosom, it would lead to a practical carrying of all the lessons of Christianity. Now, to awaken this moral sense, there are certain simple relations between the creature and the Creator, which must be clearly apprehended, and manifested with power unto the conscience. We believe, that however much philosophers may talk about the comparative ease of forming those conceptions which are simple, they will, if in good earnest after a right footing with God, soon discover in their own minds, all that darkness and incapacity about spiritual things, which are so broadly announced to us in the New Testament. And, oh! it is a deeply interesting spectacle, to behold a man, who can take a masterly and commanding survey over the field of some human speculation, who can clear his discriminated way through all the turns and ingenuities of some human argument, who by the march of a mighty and resistless demonstration, can scale with assured footstep the sublimities of science, and from his firm stand on the eminence he has won, can descry some wondrous range of natural or intellectual truth spread out in subordination before him;—and yet this very man may, in reference to the moral and authoritative claims of the God-head, be in a state of utter apathy and blindness! All his attempts, either at the spiritual discernment, or the practical impression of this doctrine, may be arrested and baffled by the weight of some great inexplicable impotency. A man of homely talents, and still homelier education, may see what he cannot see, and feel what he cannot feel; and wise and prudent as he is, there may lie the barrier of an obstinate and impenetrable concealment, between his accomplished mind, and those things which are revealed unto babes.

But while his mind is thus utterly devoid of what may be called the main or elemental principle of theology, he may have a far quicker apprehension, and have his taste and his feelings much more powerfully interested, than the simple Christian who is beside him, by what may be called the circumstantialities of theology. He can throw a wider and more rapid glance over the magnitudes of creation. He can be more delicately alive to the beauties and the sublimities which abound in it. He can, when the idea of a presiding God is suggested to him, have a more kindling sense of his natural majesty, and be able, both in imagination and in words, to surround the throne of the Divinity by the blazonry of more great, and splendid, and elevating images. And yet, with all those powers of conception which he does possess, he may not possess that on which practical Christianity hinges. The moral relation between him and God, may neither be effectively perceived, nor faithfully proceeded on. Conscience may be in a state of the most entire dormancy, and the man be regaling himself with the magnificence of God, while he neither loves God, nor believes God, nor obeys God.

And here I cannot but remark, how much effect and simplicity go together in the annals of Moravianism. The men of this truly interesting denomination, address themselves exclusively to that principle of our nature on

which the proper influence of Christianity turns. Or, in other words, they take up the subject of the gospel message, that message devised by him who knew what was in man, and who, therefore, knew how to make the right and the suitable application to man.—They urge the plain Word of the Testimony; and they pray for a blessing from on high; and that thick impalpable veil, by which the god of this world blinds the hearts of men who believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ should enter into them—that veil, which no power of philosophy can draw aside, gives way to the demonstration of the Spirit; and thus it is, that a clear perception of scriptural truth, and all the freshness and permanency of its moral influences, are to be met with among men who have just emerged from the rudest and the grossest barbarity.—Oh! when one looks at the number and the greatness of their achievements; when he thinks of the change they have made on materials so coarse and so unpromising; when he eyes the villages they have formed; and around the whole of that engaging perspective by which they have chequered and relieved the grim solitude of the desert, he witnesses the love, and listens to the piety of reclaiming savages;—who would not long to be in possession of the charm by which they have wrought this wondrous transformation—who would not willingly exchange for it all the parade of human eloquence, and all the confidence of human argument—and for the wisdom of winning souls, who is there that would not rejoice to throw the loveliness of the song, and all the insignificance of its passing fascinations, away from him?

And yet it is right that every cavil against Christianity should be met, and every argument for it be exhibited, and all the graces and sublimities of its doctrine be held out to their merited admiration. And if it be true, as it certainly is, that throughout the whole of this process, a man may be carried rejoicingly along from the mere indulgence of his taste, and the mere play and exercise of his understanding; while conscience is untouched, and the supremacy of moral claims upon the heart and the conduct is practically disowned by him—it is further right that this should be adverted to; and that such a melancholy unhingement in the constitution of man should be fully laid open, and that he should be driven out of the seductive complacency which he is so apt to cherish, merely because he delights in the loveliness of the song; and that he should be urged with the imperiousness of a demand which still remains unsatisfied, to turn him from the corrupt indifference of nature, and to become personally a religious man; and that he should be assured how all the gratification he felt in listening to the word which respected the kingdom of God, will be of no avail, unless that kingdom come to himself in power—that it will only go to heighten the perversity of his character—that it will not extenuate his real and practical ungodliness, but will serve most fearfully to aggravate the condemnation of it.

With a religion so argumentable as ours, it may be easy to gather out of it a feast for the human understanding. With a religion so magnificent as ours, it may be easy to gather out of it a feast for the human imagination. But with a religion so humbling, and so strict, and so spiritual, it is not easy to mortify the pride; or to quell the strong enmity of nature; or to arrest the currency of the affections; or to turn the constitutional habits; or to pour a new complexion over the moral history; or to stem the domineering influence of things seen and things sensible; or to invest faith with a practical supremacy; or to give its objects such a vivacity of influence as shall overpower the near and the hourly impressions, that are ever emanating upon man from a seducing world. It is here that man feels himself treading upon the limit of his helplessness. It is here that he sees where the strength of nature ends; and the power of grace must either be put forth, or leave him to grope his darkling way, with-

out one inch of progress towards the life and the substance of Christianity. It is here that a barrier rises on the contemplation of the inquirer—the barrier of separation between the carnal and the spiritual, and on which he may idly waste the every energy which belongs to him, in the enterprise of surmounting it. It is here, that after having walked the round of nature's acquisitions, and lavished upon the truth of all his ingenuities, and surveyed it in its every palpable character of grace and majesty; he will still feel himself on a level with the simplest and most untutored of the species. He needs the power of a living manifestation. He needs the anointing which remaineth. He needs that which fixes and perpetuates a stable revolution upon the character, and in virtue of which he may be advanced from the state of one who hears, and is delighted, to the state of one who hears, and is a doer. Oh! how strikingly is the experience even of vigorous and accomplished nature at one on this point with the announcements of revelation, that to work this change, there must be the putting forth of a peculiar agency; and that it is an agency, which, withheld from the exercise of loftiest talent, is often brought down on an impressed audience, through the humblest of all instrumentality, with the demonstration of the Spirit and with power.

Think it not enough that you carry in your bosom an expanded sense of the magnificence of creation. But pray for a subduing sense of the authority of the Creator. Think it not enough, that with the justness of a philosophical discernment, you have traced that boundary which hems in all the possibilities of human attainment, and have found that all beyond it is a dark and fathomless unknown. But let this modesty of science be carried, as in consistency it ought, to the question of revelation, and let all the antipathies of nature be schooled to acquiescence in the authentic testimonies of the Bible. Think it not enough that you have looked with sensibility and wonder at the representation of God throned in immensity, yet combining with the vastness of his entire superintendence, a most thorough inspection into all the minute and countless diversities of existence. Think of your own heart as one of these diversities; and that he ponders all its tendencies; and has an eye upon all its movements; and marks all its waywardness; and, God of judgment as he is, records its every secret, and its every sin, in the book of his remembrance. Think it not enough, that you have been led to associate a grandeur with the salvation of the New Testament; when made to understand that it draws upon it the regards of an arrested universe. How is it arresting your own mind? What has been the earnestness of your personal regards towards it? And tell me, if all its faith, and all its repentance, and all its holiness are not disowned by you? Think it not enough, that you have felt a sentimental charm when angels were pictured to your fancy as beckoning you to their mansions, and anxiously looking to the every symptom of your grace and reformation. Oh! be constrained by the power of all this tenderness, and yield yourselves up in a practical obedience to the call of the Lord God merciful and gracious. Think it not enough that you have shared for a moment in the deep and busy interest of that arduous conflict which is now going on for a moral ascendancy over the species. Remember the conflict is for each of you individually; and let this alarm you into a watchfulness against the power of every temptation, and a cleaving dependence upon him through whom alone you will be more than conquerors. Above all, forget not that while you only hear and are delighted, you are still under nature's powerlessness, and nature's condemnation—and that the foundation is not laid, the mighty and essential change is not accomplished, the transition from death unto life is not undergone, the saving faith is not formed, nor the passage taken from darkness to the marvellous light of the gospel, till you are both hearers of the word and doers also. "For if any be



a hearer of the word and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass: for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was."

### BIOGRAPHY.

*A short and interesting memoir of Samuel, a Christian Malabar, who died April 6, 1829.*

Samuel was born at Jaffna about 1794. Naturally quick and impetuous in his disposition, he fell into many of the evils inherent in depraved human nature. His intellectual powers were good. He could read with tolerable ease; and was enabled to write down parts of sermons which he heard preached. He was, at first, pre-eminently a zealous idolater, and a leader among his relations and neighbours of "DEVIL WORSHIP;" in riotous and sinful amusements; and in idolatrous ceremonies and sacrifices: his zeal leading him to voluntary offerings, some of which, to him, must have been costly; and some of which had much of his bodily and laborious service. As a mark of his anxiety to secure the favour of some deity, he presented a small silver sword and shield to the priest of a large Catholic church, about twenty English miles from Jaffna, as an offering to St. James, the tutelary saint, of whom there is an image (placed on the church) sitting on horseback, armed with sword and shield; and from these, and similar acts to the idol Bramins and Pandaranes, Samuel thought himself rich, and in need of nothing.

Samuel had lived ten years with the collector of Jaffna, and had received Christian instruction from the Rev. C. David; but his mind, during that period, did not appear to have been at all softened. On his first coming to Nellore, in the northern part of Ceylon, he gave the Church Missionaries there considerable trouble, on account of his heathen views, his strong attachment to caste, (which was of the lower kind) and his manifest aversion to the doctrines of the Gospel: so that he was so exceedingly unpromising, as to be considered the most unlikely at that station to be brought into the kingdom of God.

A better acquaintance with Christian truth, made him dissatisfied with heathenism. This induced inquiry, and conflicts; and after many a struggle, his mind gradually opening, he took upon him the Christian profession; and the transformation in character and conduct appeared manifest and wonderful.

Samuel was baptized on the 12th of March, 1826; and then further overtly dedicated himself to the Lord at his sacramental table: and from that time, he became as an epistle of the Saviour, read and known of all men. He searched the Scriptures daily with diligence, prayer, and earnest concern to be taught of God, and to be guided into all truth: and when his daily work, as a servant, was finished, he was seen with the sacred Scriptures, or with a tract, in his hand, reading by himself or to others. He was always in his place waiting for the commencement of the divine service. So much was it on his heart to persuade his fellow-sinners to be reconciled to God, that it has been observed, that he was more like a catechist than an ordinary servant. He habitually rose early with his family, and by lamp-light read the Scriptures, and prayed with them before leaving his home for his duties at his master's. From some of his relations and neighbours he suffered persecution: they watched for his halting, but nothing could be laid to his charge except as touching the love of his God. Instances of his strict integrity have become known since his death. At one time, because his wife took from his basket one of the ripe plaintains to give to her children, he obliged her to return it, saying, "If my children want fruit I must buy it for them;" and he gave money for that purpose, rebuking his wife for taking what was not her own. And, at another time, the butcher having made some little allowance from the bill to induce him to continue to purchase at his shop, he brought the money so allowed to his mistress.

A few weeks before his death, he seemed to have had something of a presentiment that danger or death was near; having mentioned to some at the station, and with forebodings of solemnity, though free from fear, the solitariness of his nightly walk from the station to his own house.

The Sunday previous to his death, was the festival of the heathen's new-year, at which festival, they give themselves up, for many days, to play and amusements; thither he went with tracts to read to the people, and after vainly attempting to gain a hearing with two parties, he arrested the attention of a third, who, at the conclusion of his reading, and of his addressing them, left their amusements, and returned to their homes.

The following Monday was the Native Monthly Missionary Prayer Meeting. One catechist, Philip, in turn,

gave an address from Eph. v. 14. "Awake, thou that sleepest," &c. Samuel, in his turn, spoke with unusual animation, and continued to speak with so much freedom, that he seemed to have lost all fear.

This was the last of his services of this kind.

Lopu, the house servant, returned on the Wednesday from the station with Samuel, by moonlight, and to save a little distance, went a part of the way by a foot-path. Samuel was walking somewhat ahead of Lopu, conversing still with him on the state of mind of one of the other servants at the station. On coming to a part of the foot-path, narrowed by a little bank on each side, and to a spot covered by grass and weeds, Samuel's foot fell on a snake. It coiled itself immediately round the leg, but Samuel with much quickness shook it off, and ran forward till he supposed himself free from the dangerous reptile, and then stopped to wait for Lopu. Probably from the narrowness of the path, the snake had followed him, and on Samuel's stopping, coiled round his other leg, and gave a fatal bite.

Lopu saw the snake, which he described as large, and of the beaver kind, which is of the most dangerous species. Samuel instantly saw his situation, but was collected, and gave Lopu directions respecting his wife and children; for he expected early insensibility and then death to follow, as the effects of the wound. With the help of Lopu he reached his house, but almost immediately determined to go to the house of the government, schoolmaster and catechist, that he then might be free from the heathen ceremonies, and incantations which he expected would be urged by his own relations. The catechist, John Pulle, a pious man, has some skill in cases like this. Shortly after his arrival there, Samuel's brother brought a native doctor, with leaves from the margosa tree, to perform with them some ceremonies, but Samuel objected; averred that they could have no power to do good, and would not allow them to exercise any heathenish practices. He then put his bitten leg behind a pillar, refusing to let them see it, or to exercise any ceremony over him; declaring that he would take medicine from John Pulle, and Antho. Pulle, who was also a doctor, and from no other person. Samuel soon became weaker from the powerful operation both of the medicines and of the poison, but his faith and piety became stronger. To his wife he said, "Don't be in grief for me: take the children: and you, with them, walk in the true Christian way; follow not the heathen; and thus doing, God will take care of you;" and he then exhorted her with tears. About midnight his head was affected; and at day-break, Samuel being then insensible, was forcibly removed by his brother from the house of the catechist. So long as he was sensible, says the catechist, John Pulle, he resisted every appearance of heathenism, and there is no doubt but Samuel was a true Christian.

The Rev. William Adley went from the station, on the earliest notice, to Samuel's house, and found him a little recovered—sensible—able to speak, and had been expressing his desire to see Mr. Adley, whose voice appeared to rouse his remaining energies. He said he was happy; that he felt consolation arise from his trust in Christ: that he was going to heaven; and was very desirous that those around him might follow him there.—Samuel expressed a wish to hear prayers, and this was complied with by those who knelt around him. Mr. Adley left two or three of the school youths to give notice if any material change should take place, and returned to him in the afternoon. He was then without expectation of continued life, and, through divine mercy, appeared prepared for death. Tranquil and happy—having done with the world—he earnestly renewed his exhortation to his wife not to turn aside from following him, as she hoped to meet him in heaven. His children he commended to the care of Mr. Adley. He expressed gratitude for the Christian instruction which he had received, and his joy in the light and comfort which the gospel afforded in his serious circumstances.

He grew gradually more feeble, and at about eleven o'clock he fell peacefully asleep in the Lord Jesus. A short while before he expired, he again called for his father, wife, and other relatives, and repeated to them his exhortations, and his assurance of feeling happy.

The heathens around him, through this solemn day, made observations on the change which had taken place in his whole conduct during his profession of Christianity; on the consistency and steadfastness of his walk; of his behaviour through this great trial, and they acknowledge it to have been different from what it would have been previously to that change. They expressed themselves as having seen a new sight upon earth! Samuel's father owned, that "Before, he was a devil; but that, after he had given himself to Christ, he put all evil away." His wife expressed a wish, "That her death might be like his!"

Thus an habitual steadfast opposition to evil, evinced the power of his religion:—naturally he inclined to melancholy; yet, from faith, a placid serenity showed an in-

ward peace and real enjoyment. Levity and trifling fled at his presence; his face was set as a flint against sin, he would not connive at either iniquity or impropriety.—When a heathen, he was remarkably attached to their amusements—when a Christian he put away all childish things.

The remains of this faithful servant of his Lord, were committed to the dust on the day of commemoration of that gracious Lord's sufferings and descent to the grave, to which they were intrusted in the full hope that his mortal shall put on immortality, and of being raised by divine power to dwell for ever with his Lord and ours.—Christians may gain instruction from the Converted Sinner.—*Sailor's Magazine.*

### MEMOIRS.

*The last hours of Dr. John Mason Good.*

"None but those who intimately knew Dr. Good can conceive how, in the daily occurrences of life, he seemed to forget his own ease in his attention to the wants of others, and in his earnest desire to promote their comfort. And never was this disposition more manifested than during his last illness. On one occasion he said to his eldest daughter, 'Perhaps I did wrong in coming here on Saturday; but I knew how greatly distressed you and Margaret would be, and I could not bear it. I thought the exacerbation of the disease would pass off with a little rest, and so I believe it will in time. Now, however, it is all well, I am very thankful to be in the midst of my family; only, I grieve for the trouble I give you all: and the dear children too, poor little loves. I cannot bear them now; but my dear boy Mason must come to me by and by.'

"On Friday December 29th, as you have already remarked, Mr. Cooper held a consultation with Dr. Good, who saw and wrote a prescription with his usual accuracy for his patient, the niece of his much loved and greatly esteemed friend, the Rev. Mr. Russell, rector of the parish. A more striking scene can scarcely be conceived—The young lady who was extremely ill, and supposed to be in immediate danger, was, at her own earnest request, brought into the house, and placed by the bed-side of her kind physician, who gathered up all his strength to attend to her symptoms, which were attended with extreme difficulty. At this time his own danger began to be apprehended by his afflicted family, and the friends of both parties listened, with no common interest, to what was passing before them. The exertion, however, was far too much for Dr. Good. The excitement it produced, occasioned through the whole of the same night and succeeding day much confusion of thought.

"In the evening of Saturday December 30th, he was once more completely himself; and this being observed, Mr. Russell was sent for. On his entrance, Dr. Good put out his hand, saying, 'You are the very person whom next to my own family I am most anxious to see.' Mr. Russell replied, 'I am come for the purpose of imploring the blessing of the Redeemer upon you.' Dr. Good then inquired, mentioning their names individually, if all his family were present? And each answering, he said in almost his usual tone of voice, and with much composure of manner, 'I cannot say I feel those triumphs which some Christians have experienced; but I have, what unfortunately the generality of Christians too much take, I have taken the middle walk of Christianity; I have endeavored to live up to its duties and doctrines, but I have lived below its privileges. I most firmly believe all the doctrines of Scripture, as declared by our church.—I have endeavored to take God for my Father and my Saviour; but I want more spirituality, more humility, I want to be humbled.'—Here he became much agitated; but yet went on,—'I have resigned myself to the will of God. If I know myself, I neither despair nor presume; but my constitution is by nature sanguine in all things, so that I am afraid of trusting to myself.' Some remarks being made about the righteousness of Christ, Dr. Good replied, 'No man living can be more sensible than I am, that there is nothing in ourselves; and of the absolute necessity of relying only upon the merits of Jesus Christ. I know there is a sense in which that expression of Saint Paul's, 'of whom I am chief,' is applicable to all; but there are some to whom it is peculiarly appropriate, and I fear I am one. I have not improved the opportunities given me; I have had large opportunities given me, and I have not improved them as I might: I have been led astray by the vanity of human learning, and the love of human applause.'

"Something being said about the cleansing blood of Jesus Christ; he again repeated, 'Do not think I despair; I am naturally sanguine, I am afraid of myself.' In compliance with Dr. Good's own request, Mr. Russell then read John i. 15, 16, dwelling upon the words 'Out of his fulness have we all received.'—Mr. Russell then



asked, 'Is there any thing in particular that you wish me to pray for?'—Dr. Good answered, 'No, I have endeavored to give you, not as a matter of form, but in the sight of God, a transcript of my feelings.' 'But,' repeated Mr. R., 'is there nothing in particular that you wish me to pray for?' The reply was, 'I want to be more humbled under a sense of sin; I want more spirituality, more humility.' Mr. Russell accordingly knelt down to pray. But after this testimony to the truth, this statement of his feelings, in which all the powers of his soul and body seemed summoned up and concentrated, nature was exhausted.

"Those present had been throughout this trying, yet abundantly consolatory scene, fearful that a return of delirium would follow so much exhaustion; but before the conclusion of Mr. Russell's prayer, Dr. Good fell into the only peaceful sleep which he had enjoyed for many days.

"Sunday December 31st, was a day of intense agony and frequent wanderings of mind; yet with intervals of perfect recollection and composure. About noon, Dr. Good sent for his little grandson, and after solemnly blessing him, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, he added, instantly, 'Now no more,—go, I dare not trust myself;' showing in this last remark, a perfect self-recollection, a state of mind which continued for several hours. Shortly after this, some one mentioned Miss W.'s name, (the young lady who was governess to his grand children.) Dr. Good desired to see her, and on her coming into the room, and taking the convulsed hand, which she evidently wished but wanted the power to put forth, he spoke some words expressive of his satisfaction as to her care of the children, and urging the responsibility of the charge she had undertaken, and her need of remembering it, especially, he added, 'whilst their mother was laid aside (meaning by attendance upon himself) and I know not how long that may last.' 'I don't know,' he said, 'how much I may have to suffer, but I am yet a strong man; whether we shall ever meet around the dining-table again, I cannot tell; and concluded by some expression of hope and desire that he should meet her hereafter.

"Dr. Hooper arrived late in the evening of this day. Our dear father immediately knew him, described his own sufferings in the usual medical terms, and was not satisfied unless he knew the quantity as well as quality of the medicines administered to him. Dr. H. did not remain long, too quickly perceiving how unavailing, in this case, was human skill: with tenderness and frankness he told us his opinion, and assured us of his readiness to remain longer, notwithstanding his pressing medical engagements, if his continuance would be of the slightest benefit to his friend. In the intervals of composure, and when not suffering from extreme exacerbations of pain, some of Dr. G.'s family endeavored to repeat occasionally short texts of scripture, to which he always listened with pleasure, appearing however much more struck with some than with others. On one occasion, without any suggestion or leading remark from those around, he was heard to repeat distinctly with quivering convulsive lips, 'All the promises of God are yea and amen in Christ Jesus.' 'What words for dying lips to rest upon!' At another time, as one of his family was sitting by, he uttered some expression, not accurately remembered, of deep sorrow for sin. This text was then mentioned, 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' He repeated, 'faithful: yes—nothing can be more suitable.'

"The same evening one of his family kneeling over him said, 'May I pray, can you bear it?' the reply was—'I am not sure, I am in great pain; but try and pray.' Accordingly a few words were offered up, imploring that the Saviour would reveal more of His loving-kindness, His exceeding glory, to him; he listened attentively, and uttered something expressive of his feeling that these petitions were suitable to him, and of his deeply joining in them.

"On Monday, January 1st, his sufferings increased, and his mind wandered. At 7 o'clock on the morning of this day, his youngest daughter proposed repeating a well known text of scripture, as the likeliest means of recalling him to himself. She was answered that this in his present weakness would only confuse him more. A text of scripture, however, was repeated, and the effect was wonderful; it seemed a perfect calling back of the mind: he listened with manifest pleasure, and concluded it himself. Many were the texts which were repeated at different intervals throughout this day, and to which he listened with more or less pleasure, as they more or less seemed to strike his feelings as suitable to his own case. Some of them were, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' 'Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.' 'The Lord is my Shepherd.'

'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.' Mr. Russell being about to quit the room, Dr. Good called out, begging him not to go. It was most strikingly impressive to hear his quivering lips uttering the words of scripture, at a time when intense agony occasioned such convulsive motions of the whole body, that the bed often shook under him. His youngest daughter, who was then holding his poor cold hands, said to him, 'Do you remember your favorite hymn?' 'There is a fountain fill'd with blood:' he had repeated it in the earlier part of his illness, and told Mr. Russell that sometimes when walking through the streets of London he used to repeat it to himself. In one instance he altered it unintentionally, but still strictly preserving the sense.

"Dr. Good repeated it as given in the St. John's collection of hymns, with this exception—Instead of

'When this poor lisping stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.'

he substituted,

'When this decaying mouldering frame  
Lies crumbling in the dust.'

This little variation may not be regarded as altogether unimportant, since it shews that his mental powers were still vigorous.

"Sometimes when those around could not remember the exact words of the passage of Scripture intended to be quoted, he corrected the error, and repeated them accurately. One of the texts he appeared to dwell upon with most earnestness and delight was, *JESUS CHRIST, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever.* When Dr. Good's former Unitarian views are remembered, the dwelling upon this particular text could not but be consolatory to his family. Another text, which, without any suggestion or leading remark, he repeated several times, was, 'Who art thou, O great mountain, before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain; and He shall bring forth the head-stone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, Grace unto it,' dwelling with peculiar emphasis upon the words, 'Grace, Grace unto it.'

"He appeared to derive great comfort from these texts repeated by Mr. Russell, 'When flesh and heart fail,' &c. Also, 'When thou walkest through the fire, I will be with thee,' &c. He also listened with much apparent comfort to that portion of the Te Deum suggested to him by his wife, 'When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.'

"On the afternoon of this day, (Monday,) Dr. Good perfectly knew every one, again expressed himself thankful to be placed in the midst of his family, and to be near Mr. Russell. When Mr. Travers arrived in the evening, he immediately recognized him, addressed him by name, and submitted to the means used for his relief, though painful. Upon the last opiate draught being given, he would not rest satisfied until told the precise quantity which consisted of fifty drops of laudanum; and, considering the great quantity administered at different times, it is indeed surprising that his memory and mental powers should, up to this period, have been so little impaired. Mr. Travers, having employed all the means which surgical skill could devise, seeing they were of no avail, did not remain long with Dr. Good. After this time, he was constantly convulsed, and uttered but one or two connected sentences. Seeing one of his family standing by, he made use of his frequent appellation 'dearest.' But his power of comprehension appeared to last much longer than his power of articulation or of expression. His hearing now became greatly affected. Mr. Russell called to him in a loud voice, 'Jesus Christ the Saviour!'—he was not insensible to that sound. His valued clerical friend then repeated to him, in the same elevated tone, 'Behold the Lamb of God:' this roused him, and with energy, the energy of a dying believer, he terminated the sentence, 'WHICH TAKETH AWAY THE SINS OF THE WORLD:' which were the last words he intelligibly uttered, being about three hours before his death. Mr. Russell twice commended the departing spirit into the hands of Him who gave it. The last time was about one o'clock on the morning of Tuesday the 2d of January, 1827, and at four o'clock the same morning, the breath, which had gradually become shorter and shorter, ceased entirely."

And now let us retire from this solemn scene,—assured that the blessed spirit, as it escaped from the embraces of mortality, soared to the eternal regions, and joined the "innumerable multitude" who "surround the throne" and "cast their crowns at the feet of the LAMB;"—consoling the bereaved relatives with that assurance,—"and seeking benefit to ourselves by contrasting the peaceful end of the Christian believer with the numerous instances which daily occur of men who die "without hope;"—remembering that the main "difference between one man's death and another's, dependeth on

the difference between heart and heart, life and life, preparation and unpreparedness;"—a difference which is essential, and flows from the grace of God.—*Gregory's Memoirs.*

## SELECTIONS.

### ON SOME DEFECTS IN MODERN PREACHING.

The many divisions and heresies which exist at the present period of the church, is a subject of deep humiliation. Schism, and a spirit of controversy, accompanied with its characteristic feature of intolerance and party feeling prevail to a fearful degree. This torrent of evil is flowing down our Zion, with a rapidity never before equalled, and which, unless crushed in its course by the out-stretched arm of omnipotence, will carry with it desolation and ruin. The bulwarks of our church seem indeed to be shaken and wounded in the house of her professed friends. She has to mourn over her languishing condition, and ere her energies become totally exhausted and paralyzed, her cry must be sent forth; "Arise, O God, plead thine own cause. Be thou exalted in thy own strength, so will we sing and praise thy power." Much evil appears to have arisen, from the adoption by some leading characters of a style of preaching by no means likely to be generally useful, argumentative discourses are understood comparatively by few, and instead of solving difficulties and removing error, they not unfrequently tend to create them, and very contrary to the preachers' real intention, lead his hearers in some fatal instances into the fearful paths of Scepticism or Socinianism.

Declamatory sermons, with severe reflections upon their brethren who differ from them; it may be in non-essentials, are likewise injurious, they bring a reproach upon the sacred office of the ministry, and tend to lower a large portion of the pious clergy in the estimation of those who ought to esteem them very highly in love for their works' sake. Much may be said by preachers of this description against the statement of the plain truths of the gospel, but to deviate from this safe and well-beaten track, is to forsake the good old paths of our forefathers; Satan is ever ready to invent new schemes to entrap the unwary, but, "I am the way, the truth, and the life," stands pre-eminent in the grand scheme of man's salvation, and whoever wanders from this fundamental point of doctrine, turning either to the right hand or to the left, is leading souls into inextricable by-paths of delusion and error. Many, it is to be feared, are enthralled in the snare, without being aware of it; argumentative discussions lead to "doubtful disputations," while the intellectual powers of the preacher are highly extolled, devotional feelings in the hearers decline, the outward ear is pleased, but the heart remains untouched; abstruse reasoning may be understood and relished by a few, but the greater part have not intellectual capacity to enjoy, and both one and the other are unrefreshed with the life-giving streams of gospel truth.

We may perhaps be reminded, that a congregation thus situated is a rare occurrence, and this we are willing to admit; but the popularity of their leaders increases the danger. In this day of indecision a sort of notional religion is fast gaining ground, multitudes of the young are led astray, while the more decided are often painfully perplexed. One is saying, "I am of Paul," and another, "I am of Apollos," the foundation of their faith seems as it were to be shaken, and they are almost led to conclude that they worship they know not what.

"Where envy and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work;" in these perilous times, infidelity may stalk abroad with unblushing front, its votaries have only to cast their eye over the controversial pages of the 'Religious World,' as it is called, and alas the jarring opinions of numerous sects and parties, the bitterness and rancour so unhappily displayed, is putting a formidable weapon in their hand, they wield it triumphantly, and say, "Ah, ah, so would we have it." O, when will the time arrive, when Christians will learn to be of one mind, and to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace!—A house so awfully divided against itself cannot stand.

While it is the duty of the ministers of God "earnestly to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints," may they ever keep in mind, that the weapons of their warfare are not carnal but spiritual, may a spirit of love lead them to exercise forbearance towards those who differ from them; may the cross of Christ be their rallying point, and there may they forget all minor differences! It is the lamentable defection of love and union



a hearer of the word and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass: for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was."

### BIOGRAPHY.

*A short and interesting memoir of Samuel, a Christian Malabar, who died April 6, 1829.*

Samuel was born at Jaffna about 1794. Naturally quick and impetuous in his disposition, he fell into many of the evils inherent in depraved human nature. His intellectual powers were good. He could read with tolerable ease; and was enabled to write down parts of sermons which he heard preached. He was, at first, pre-eminently a zealous idolater, and a leader among his relations and neighbours of "devil worship;" in riotous and sinful amusements; and in idolatrous ceremonies and sacrifices: his zeal leading him to voluntary offerings, some of which, to him, must have been costly; and some of which had much of his bodily and laborious service. As a mark of his anxiety to secure the favour of some deity, he presented a small silver sword and shield to the priest of a large Catholic church, about twenty English miles from Jaffna, as an offering to St. James, the tutelary saint, of whom there is an image (placed on the church) sitting on horseback, armed with sword and shield; and from these, and similar acts to the idol Bramins and Pandaranes, Samuel thought himself rich, and in need of nothing.

Samuel had lived ten years with the collector of Jaffna, and had received Christian instruction from the Rev. C. David; but his mind, during that period, did not appear to have been at all softened. On his first coming to Nellore, in the northern part of Ceylon, he gave the Church Missionaries there considerable trouble, on account of his heathen views, his strong attachment to caste, (which was of the lower kind) and his manifest aversion to the doctrines of the Gospel: so that he was so exceedingly unpromising, as to be considered the most unlikely at that station to be brought into the kingdom of God.

A better acquaintance with Christian truth, made him dissatisfied with heathenism. This induced inquiry, and conflicts; and after many a struggle, his mind gradually opening, he took upon him the Christian profession; and the transformation in character and conduct appeared manifest and wonderful.

Samuel was baptized on the 12th of March, 1826; and then further overtly dedicated himself to the Lord at his sacramental table: and from that time, he became as an epistle of the Saviour, read and known of all men. He searched the Scriptures daily with diligence, prayer, and earnest concern to be taught of God, and to be guided into all truth: and when his daily work, as a servant, was finished, he was seen with the sacred Scriptures, or with a tract, in his hand, reading by himself or to others. He was always in his place waiting for the commencement of the divine service. So much was it on his heart to persuade his fellow-sinners to be reconciled to God, that it has been observed, that he was more like a catechist than an ordinary servant. He habitually rose early with his family, and by lamp-light read the Scriptures, and prayed with them before leaving his home for his duties at his master's. From some of his relations and neighbours he suffered persecution: they watched for his halting, but nothing could be laid to his charge except as touching the love of his God. Instances of his strict integrity have become known since his death. At one time, because his wife took from his basket one of the ripe plaintains to give to her children, he obliged her to return it, saying, "If my children want fruit I must buy it for them;" and he gave money for that purpose, rebuking his wife for taking what was not her own. And, at another time, the butcher having made some little allowance from the bill to induce him to continue to purchase at his shop, he brought the money so allowed to his mistress.

A few weeks before his death, he seemed to have had something of a presentiment that danger or death was near; having mentioned to some at the station, and with forebodings of solemnity, though free from fear, the solitariness of his nightly walk from the station to his own house.

The Sunday previous to his death, was the festival of the heathen's new-year, at which festival, they give themselves up, for many days, to play and amusements; thither he went with tracts to read to the people, and after vainly attempting to gain a hearing with two parties, he arrested the attention of a third, who, at the conclusion of his reading, and of his addressing them, left their amusements, and returned to their homes.

The following Monday was the Native Monthly Missionary Prayer Meeting. One catechist, Philip, in turn,

gave an address from Eph. v. 14. "Awake, thou that sleepest," &c. Samuel, in his turn, spoke with unusual animation, and continued to speak with so much freedom, that he seemed to have lost all fear.

This was the last of his services of this kind.

Lopu, the house servant, returned on the Wednesday from the station with Samuel, by moonlight, and to save a little distance, went a part of the way by a foot-path. Samuel was walking somewhat ahead of Lopu, conversing still with him on the state of mind of one of the other servants at the station. On coming to a part of the foot-path, narrowed by a little bank on each side, and to a spot covered by grass and weeds, Samuel's foot fell on a snake. It coiled itself immediately round the leg, but Samuel with much quickness shook it off, and ran forward till he supposed himself free from the dangerous reptile, and then stopped to wait for Lopu. Probably from the narrowness of the path, the snake had followed him, and on Samuel's stopping, coiled round his other leg, and gave a fatal bite.

Lopu saw the snake, which he described as large, and of the beaver kind, which is of the most dangerous species. Samuel instantly saw his situation, but was collected, and gave Lopu directions respecting his wife and children; for he expected early insensibility and then death to follow, as the effects of the wound. With the help of Lopu he reached his house, but almost immediately determined to go to the house of the government, schoolmaster and catechist, that he then might be free from the heathen ceremonies, and incantations which he expected would be urged by his own relations. The catechist, John Pulle, a pious man, has some skill in cases like this. Shortly after his arrival there, Samuel's brother brought a native doctor, with leaves from the margosa tree, to perform with them some ceremonies, but Samuel objected; averred that they could have no power to do good, and would not allow them to exercise any heathenish practices. He then put his bitten leg behind a pillar, refusing to let them see it, or to exercise any ceremony over him; declaring that he would take medicine from John Pulle, and Antho. Pulle, who was also a doctor, and from no other person. Samuel soon became weaker from the powerful operation both of the medicines and of the poison, but his faith and piety became stronger. To his wife he said, "Don't be in grief for me: take the children: and you, with them, walk in the true Christian way; follow not the heathen; and thus doing, God will take care of you;" and he then exhorted her with tears. About midnight his head was affected; and at day-break, Samuel being then insensible, was forcibly removed by his brother from the house of the catechist. So long as he was sensible, says the catechist, John Pulle, he resisted every appearance of heathenism, and there is no doubt but Samuel was a true Christian.

The Rev. William Adley went from the station, on the earliest notice, to Samuel's house, and found him a little recovered—sensible—able to speak, and had been expressing his desire to see Mr. Adley, whose voice appeared to rouse his remaining energies. He said he was happy; that he felt consolation arise from his trust in Christ: that he was going to heaven; and was very desirous that those around him might follow him there. Samuel expressed a wish to hear prayers, and this was complied with by those who knelt around him. Mr. Adley left two or three of the school youths to give notice if any material change should take place, and returned to him in the afternoon. He was then without expectation of continued life, and, through divine mercy, appeared prepared for death. Tranquil and happy—having done with the world—he earnestly renewed his exhortation to his wife not to turn aside from following him, as she hoped to meet him in heaven. His children he commended to the care of Mr. Adley. He expressed gratitude for the Christian instruction which he had received, and his joy in the light and comfort which the gospel afforded in his serious circumstances.

He grew gradually more feeble, and at about eleven o'clock he fell peacefully asleep in the Lord Jesus. A short while before he expired, he again called for his father, wife, and other relatives, and repeated to them his exhortations, and his assurance of feeling happy.

The heathens around him, through this solemn day, made observations on the change which had taken place in his whole conduct during his profession of Christianity; on the consistency and steadfastness of his walk; of his behaviour through this great trial, and they acknowledge it to have been different from what it would have been previously to that change. They expressed themselves as having seen a new sight upon earth! Samuel's father owned, that "Before, he was a devil; but that, after he had given himself to Christ, he put all evil away." His wife expressed a wish, "That her death might be like his!"

Thus an habitual steadfast opposition to evil, evinced the power of his religion:—naturally he inclined to melancholy; yet, from faith, a placid serenity showed an in-

ward peace and real enjoyment. Levity and trifling fled at his presence; his face was set as a flint against sin, he would not connive at either iniquity or impropriety.—When a heathen, he was remarkably attached to their amusements—when a Christian he put away all childish things.

The remains of this faithful servant of his Lord, were committed to the dust on the day of commemoration of that gracious Lord's sufferings and descent to the grave, to which they were intrusted in the full hope that his mortal shall put on immortality, and of being raised by divine power to dwell for ever with his Lord and ours.—Christians may gain instruction from the Converted Sinner.—*Sailor's Magazine.*

### MEMOIRS.

*The last hours of Dr. John Mason Good.*

"None but those who intimately knew Dr. Good can conceive how, in the daily occurrences of life, he seemed to forget his own ease in his attention to the wants of others, and in his earnest desire to promote their comfort. And never was this disposition more manifested than during his last illness. On one occasion he said to his eldest daughter, 'Perhaps I did wrong in coming here on Saturday; but I knew how greatly distressed you and Margaret would be, and I could not bear it. I thought the exacerbation of the disease would pass off with a little rest, and so I believe it will in time. Now, however, it is all well, I am very thankful to be in the midst of my family; only, I grieve for the trouble I give you all: and the dear children too, poor little loves. I cannot bear them now; but my dear boy Mason must come to me by and by.'

"On Friday December 29th, as you have already remarked, Mr. Cooper held a consultation with Dr. Good, who saw and wrote a prescription with his usual accuracy for his patient, the niece of his much loved and greatly esteemed friend, the Rev. Mr. Russell, rector of the parish. A more striking scene can scarcely be conceived—The young lady who was extremely ill, and supposed to be in immediate danger, was, at her own earnest request, brought into the house, and placed by the bed-side of her kind physician, who gathered up all his strength to attend to her symptoms, which were stated with extreme difficulty. At this time his own danger began to be apprehended by his afflicted family, and the friends of both parties listened, with no common interest, to what was passing before them. The exertion, however, was far too much for Dr. Good. The excitement it produced, occasioned through the whole of the same night and succeeding day much confusion of thought.

"In the evening of Saturday December 30th, he was once more completely himself; and this being observed, Mr. Russell was sent for. On his entrance, Dr. Good put out his hand, saying, 'You are the very person whom next to my own family I am most anxious to see.' Mr. Russell replied, 'I am come for the purpose of imploring the blessing of the Redeemer upon you.' Dr. Good then inquired, mentioning their names individually, if all his family were present? And each answering, he said in almost his usual tone of voice, and with much composure of manner, 'I cannot say I feel those triumphs which some Christians have experienced; but I have, what unfortunately the generality of Christians too much take, I have taken the middle walk of Christianity; I have endeavored to live up to its duties and doctrines, but I have lived below its privileges. I most firmly believe all the doctrines of Scripture, as declared by our church.—I have endeavored to take God for my Father and my Saviour; but I want more spirituality, more humility, I want to be humbled.'—Here he became much agitated, but yet went on,—'I have resigned myself to the will of God. If I know myself, I neither despair nor presume; but my constitution is by nature sanguine in all things, so that I am afraid of trusting to myself.' Some remarks being made about the righteousness of Christ, Dr. Good replied, 'No man living can be more sensible than I am, that there is nothing in ourselves; and of the absolute necessity of relying only upon the merits of Jesus Christ. I know there is a sense in which that expression of Saint Paul's, "of whom I am chief," is applicable to all; but there are some to whom it is peculiarly appropriate, and I fear I am one. I have not improved the opportunities given me; I have had large opportunities given me, and I have not improved them as I might: I have been led astray by the vanity of human learning, and the love of human applause.'

"Something being said about the cleansing blood of Jesus Christ; he again repeated, 'Do not think I despair; I am naturally sanguine, I am afraid of myself.' In compliance with Dr. Good's own request, Mr. Russell then read John i. 15, 16, dwelling upon the words 'Out of his fulness have we all received.'—Mr. Russell then



asked, 'Is there any thing in particular that you wish me to pray for?'—Dr. Good answered, 'No, I have endeavored to give you, not as a matter of form, but in the sight of God, a transcript of my feelings.' 'But,' repeated Mr. R.—, 'is there nothing in particular that you wish me to pray for?' The reply was, 'I want to be more humbled under a sense of sin; I want more spirituality, more humility.' Mr. Russell accordingly knelt down to pray. But after this testimony to the truth, this statement of his feelings, in which all the powers of his soul and body seemed summoned up and concentrated, nature was exhausted.

"Those present had been throughout this trying, yet abundantly consolatory scene, fearful that a return of delirium would follow so much exhaustion; but before the conclusion of Mr. Russell's prayer, Dr. Good fell into the only peaceful sleep which he had enjoyed for many days.

"Sunday December 31st, was a day of intense agony and frequent wanderings of mind; yet with intervals of perfect recollection and composure. About noon, Dr. Good sent for his little grandson, and after solemnly blessing him, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, he added instantly, 'Now no more,—go, I dare not trust myself,' showing in this last remark, a perfect self-recollection, a state of mind which continued for several hours. Shortly after this, some one mentioned Miss W's name, (the young lady who was governess to his grand children.) Dr. Good desired to see her, and on her coming into the room, and taking the convulsed hand, which she evidently wished but wanted the power to put forth, he spoke some words expressive of his satisfaction as to her care of the children, and urging the responsibility of the charge she had undertaken, and her need of remembering it, especially, he added, 'whilst their mother was laid aside (meaning by attendance upon himself) and I know not how long that may last.' 'I don't know,' he said, 'how much I may have to suffer, but I am yet a strong man; whether we shall ever meet around the dining-table again, I cannot tell;' and concluded by some expression of hope and desire that he should meet her hereafter.

"Dr. Hooper arrived late in the evening of this day. Our dear father immediately knew him, described his own sufferings in the usual medical terms, and was not satisfied unless he knew the quantity as well as quality of the medicines administered to him. Dr. H. did not remain long, too quickly perceiving how unavailing, in this case, was human skill: with tenderness and frankness he told us his opinion, and assured us of his readiness to remain longer, notwithstanding his pressing medical engagements, if his continuance would be of the slightest benefit to his friend. In the intervals of composure, and when not suffering from extreme exacerbations of pain, some of Dr. G.'s family endeavored to repeat occasionally short texts of scripture, to which he always listened with pleasure, appearing however much more struck with some than with others. On one occasion, without any suggestion or leading remark from those around, he was heard to repeat distinctly with quivering convulsive lips, 'All the promises of God are yea and amen in Christ Jesus.' 'What words for dying lips to rest upon!' At another time, as one of his family was sitting by, he uttered some expression, not accurately remembered, of deep sorrow for sin. This text was then mentioned, 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' He repeated, 'faithful: yes—nothing can be more suitable.'

"The same evening one of his family kneeling over him said, 'May I pray, can you bear it?' the reply was—'I am not sure, I am in great pain; but try and pray.' Accordingly a few words were offered up, imploring that the Saviour would reveal more of His loving-kindness, His exceeding glory, to him; he listened attentively, and uttered something expressive of his feeling that these petitions were suitable to him, and of his deeply joining in them.

"On Monday, January 1st, his sufferings increased, and his mind wandered. At 7 o'clock on the morning of this day, his youngest daughter proposed repeating a well known text of scripture, as the likeliest means of recalling him to himself. She was answered that this in his present weakness would only confuse him more. A text of scripture, however, was repeated, and the effect was wonderful; it seemed a perfect calling back of the mind: he listened with manifest pleasure, and concluded it himself. Many were the texts which were repeated at different intervals throughout this day, and to which he listened with more or less pleasure, as they more or less seemed to strike his feelings as suitable to his own case. Some of them were, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' 'Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.' 'The Lord is my Shepherd.'

'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.' Mr. Russell being about to quit the room, Dr. Good called out, begging him not to go. It was most strikingly impressive to hear his quivering lips uttering the words of scripture, at a time when intense agony occasioned such convulsive motions of the whole body, that the bed often shook under him. His youngest daughter, who was then holding his poor cold hands, said to him, 'Do you remember your favorite hymn?' 'There is a fountain fill'd with blood:' he had repeated it in the earlier part of his illness, and told Mr. Russell that sometimes when walking through the streets of London he used to repeat it to himself. In one instance he altered it unintentionally, but still strictly preserving the sense.

"Dr. Good repeated it as given in the St. John's collection of hymns, with this exception—Instead of

'When this poor lisping stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.'

he substituted,

'When this decaying mouldering frame  
Lies crumbling in the dust.'

This little variation may not be regarded as altogether unimportant, since it shews that his mental powers were still vigorous.

"Sometimes when those around could not remember the exact words of the passage of Scripture intended to be quoted, he corrected the error, and repeated them accurately. One of the texts he appeared to dwell upon with most earnestness and delight was, *JESUS CHRIST, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever.* When Dr. Good's former Unitarian views are remembered, the dwelling upon this particular text could not but be consolatory to his family. Another text, which, without any suggestion or leading remark, he repeated several times, was, 'Who art thou, O great mountain, before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain; and He shall bring forth the head-stone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, Grace unto it,' dwelling with peculiar emphasis upon the words, 'Grace, Grace unto it.'

"He appeared to derive great comfort from these texts repeated by Mr. Russell, 'When flesh and heart fail,' &c. Also, 'When thou walkest through the fire, I will be with thee,' &c. He also listened with much apparent comfort to that portion of the Te Deum suggested to him by his wife, 'When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.'

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And now let us retire from this solemn scene,—assured that the blessed spirit, as it escaped from the encumbrances of mortality, soared to the eternal regions, and joined the "innumerable multitude" who "surround the throne" and "cast their crowns at the feet of the LAMB;"—consoling the bereaved relatives with that assurance, —and seeking benefit to ourselves by contrasting the peaceful end of the Christian believer with the numerous instances which daily occur of men who die "without hope:"—remembering that the main "difference between one man's death and another's, dependeth on

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Declamatory sermons, with severe reflections upon their brethren who differ from them, it may be in non-essentials, are likewise injurious, they bring a reproach upon the sacred office of the ministry, and tend to lower a large portion of the pious clergy in the estimation of those who ought to esteem them very highly in love for their works' sake. Much may be said by preachers of this description against the statement of the plain truths of the gospel, but to deviate from this safe and well-beaten track, is to forsake the good old paths of our forefathers; Satan is ever ready to invent new schemes to entrap the unwary, but, "I am the way, the truth, and the life," stands pre-eminent in the grand scheme of man's salvation, and whoever wanders from this fundamental point of doctrine, turning either to the right hand or to the left, is leading souls into inextricable by-paths of delusion and error. Many, it is to be feared, are enthralled in the snare, without being aware of it; argumentative discussions lead to "doubtful disputations," while the intellectual powers of the preacher are highly extolled, devotional feelings in the hearers decline, the outward ear is pleased, but the heart remains untouched; abstruse reasoning may be understood and relished by a few, but the greater part have not intellectual capacity to enjoy, and both one and the other are unrefreshed with the life-giving streams of gospel truth.

We may perhaps be reminded, that a congregation thus situated is a rare occurrence, and this we are willing to admit; but the popularity of their leaders increases the danger. In this day of indecision a sort of notional religion is fast gaining ground, multitudes of the young are led astray, while the more decided are often painfully perplexed. One is saying, "I am of Paul," and another, "I am of Apollos," the foundation of their faith seems as it were to be shaken, and they are almost led to conclude that they worship they know not what.

"Where envy and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work;" in these perilous times, infidelity may stalk abroad with unblushing front, its votaries have only to cast their eye over the controversial pages of the 'Religious World,' as it is called, and alas the jarring opinions of numerous sects and parties, the bitterness and rancour so unhappily displayed, is putting a formidable weapon in their hand, they wield it triumphantly, and say, "Ah, ah, so would we have it." O, when will the time arrive, when Christians will learn to be of one mind, and to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace!—A house so awfully divided against itself cannot stand.

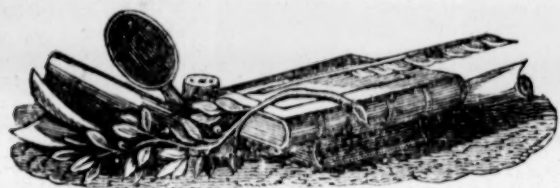
While it is the duty of the ministers of God "earnestly to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints," may they ever keep in mind, that the weapons of their warfare are not carnal but spiritual, may a spirit of love lead them to exercise forbearance towards those who differ from them; may the cross of Christ be their rallying point, and there may they forget all minor differences! It is the lamentable defection of love and union



among the members of Christ's mystical body the church, which rends it asunder. Satan's motto is, 'divide and destroy;' his deadly influence should be counteracted by a spirit of Christian love, 'unite and save.' We enter not upon the many points at issue between contending parties, but we affectionately admonish Christian ministers not to prove their hearers with "hard questions," nor to waste the precious time allotted to them in strife about words, and a vain desire to elucidate speculative and deep subjects; we make a slight allusion to one which has been but too familiarly and we fear awfully discussed, and we sum it up in the words of an inspired Apostle, "Great is the mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh."

Amidst conflicting opinions, and the heat of controversial disputes, let not sincere Christians be discouraged; let them remember that the Christian life consists not in a noisy profession, or in holding certain opinions and notions, but that it is a *hidden life*, Col. iii. 3. A sifting time is near at hand, and the great enemy of souls is raging with increasing violence; while men's hearts generally, are failing them for fear, and looking after those things which are coming upon the earth, the Lord's children shall find in him a hiding-place and a covert from the storm; the shifting ground of earthly dependence assuredly will give way; but they whose hope is fixed upon the everlasting *Rock of Ages*, shall be secure in time, and for eternity. While the angry billows of discord and contention are raging around us, may we comfort ourselves and each other with that sure promise made to the church, as recorded in Psalm xvi. 5. "God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved. God shall help her and that right early."

Church of England Magazine.] MODERATOR.



## BALTIMORE:

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1831.

In conformity with our promise in the last number, the paper now makes its appearance in *Brevier* type, which, while it adds greatly to the expenses of publication, furnishes a much larger quantum of reading. We expect this change to be agreeable to most of our readers. It may, to be sure, be a heavier tax on those of feeble vision: but they will remember that, while the eye has more toil, the mind has the larger feast. In its present dress, when compared with any other publication of a similar character, the paper will be found to be quite cheap.

For the gratification of those, who may feel an interest in the success of the paper, we will just say, that the issue weekly is 3000 copies.

We have observed in several of the public Journals, favourable notices of our periodical: we tender our acknowledgments to their conductors for their polite attention.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We acknowledge with pleasure, a communication from the Rev. Asa Shinn. It came to hand too late to appear in this number: it shall find a place in the next. We are gratified to learn, that it is the design of the author to continue a series of such communications.

The effusion of T. S. A. has been received. From the character of the piece, we judge its author to be young in years and in "wielding the pen." He must not be discouraged if we decline the publication of his composition; for, when practice shall have chastened his taste, and age have given strength to his genius, we shall be glad to reckon him among our correspondents.

The communication from "a friend to W." is now before us; and we approve generally of its sentiments.

It should have appeared, had it not been forestalled by a previous communication on the same subject, which was already in type. As it is, we take the liberty of extracting a few of its remarks, which will be found on the opposite page.

S. and W. will ever be welcome. His judgment and industry are alike commendable. The "Review" and "Address" shall appear in our next number; the "minor pieces" and "scraps," as occasion offers.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Methodist Protestant.

Mr. Editor:—I have cast the following gleanings into the form of a Dialogue. The subject is one of the utmost importance.

A. Are not enthusiastic perversions of the doctrine of a particular providence very common?

B. No species of enthusiasm, perhaps, is more extensively prevalent, and certainly none clings more tenaciously to the mind that has once entertained it, and none produces more *practical mischief*, than that which is founded on an abuse of the doctrine of a particular Providence.

C. The investigation of subjects connected with the visible operation of religion on the mind of man, and its influence upon his words and actions, as a member of civilized society, is always interesting, and often profitable.

A. With your consent, we will confine ourselves to the consideration of the abuses of the doctrine of a particular Providence. It is by the casual occurrences of life that some persons are deluded. Deeming themselves to be influenced by the motives of piety, chance is their divinity. They believe, and believe justly, that every seeming fortuity is under the absolute control of the Divine hand; but, in virtue of the peculiar interest which one supposes he has on high, he is tempted to think that these contingencies are almost at his command.

B. This belief naturally inclines him to pay more regard to the unusual than to the common course of events. In contemplating God as the disposer of chances, he forgets Him who is the governor of the world by known and permanent laws.

A. All the honour which he does to one of the divine attributes, is in fact stolen from the reverence due to another; but "the Lord abhorreth robbery for offering."

C. A propensity to look more to chance than to probability is known invariably to debilitate the reasoning faculty, and to vitiate the moral sentiments; and these constant effects are oftener aggravated than mitigated by the accession of religious sentiments. The illusions of hope then assume a tone of authority which effectually silences the whispers of common sense; and the imagination, more highly stimulated than when it fed only on things of earth, boldly makes a prey of the divine power and goodness, to the utter subversion of humble piety.

B. A sanguine temperament, quickened by perverted notions of religion, easily impels a man to believe that he is privileged or skilled to penetrate the intentions of Providence towards himself, and the anticipations he forms on this ground, acquire so much consistency by being perpetually handled, that he deems them to form a much more certain rule of conduct than he could derive from the forecastings of prudence, or even from the dictates of morality.

A. Delusions of this kind are the real sources of many of those sad delinquencies which so often bring reproach upon a profession of religion.

C. The world loves to call the offender a villain; but in fact he was not worse than an enthusiast.

B. He who, in conducting the affairs of life, has acquired the settled habits of calculating rather upon what is possible than upon what is probable, naturally slides into the mischievous error of paying court to Fortune, rather than to Virtue.

A. Nor will his integrity or his principles of honor be at all strengthened by the mere putting of one word for another—calling Fortune, Providence.

B. It is easy to fix the eye upon the clouds in expectation of help from above with so much intentness, that the tables of right and wrong, which stand before us, shall scarcely be seen.

C. This very expectation is a contempt of prudence, and it is not often seen that those who slight Prudence, pay much regard to her sister—Probity.

A. Or if consequences so serious do not follow from the notion that the fortuities of life are an available fund at the disposal of the favorite of heaven, yet this belief can hardly fail to spread an infection of sloth and presumption through the character. The enthusiast will certainly be remiss and dilatory in arduous and laborious duties. Hope, which is the incentive to exertion in well-ordered and energetic minds, slackens every effort if the

understanding be crazed. The wheel of toil stands still while the devotee implores assistance from above. Or if he possesses more of activity, the same false principle prompts him to engage in enterprises from which, if the expected contingent to be furnished by—Providence, be deducted, scarcely a shred of fair probability remains to recommend the scheme.

C. If the course of events in human life were as constant and uniform as the phenomena of the material world, no one but madmen would build their hopes upon the irregularities by which it is diversified.

B. Nor would the enthusiast do so, if he gave heed to the principles that impose order upon the apparent chaos of fortuities from which the many colored line of human life is spun.

A. To expose, then, the error of those who, on pretext of faith in providence, build presumptuous expectations upon the throws of fortune, we must analyze the confused mass of contingencies to which human life is liable.

C. This analysis, will, doubtless, leave the folly and impropriety of these mistaken persons without excuse.

[To be continued.]

M. Editor:—Surely the presiding spirit of the Great Head of the church, enlightened the deliberations, and over-ruled the issues of the late General Convention. Is there a church in Christendom, whose foundations are more firmly laid in the principles of equitable representation than are those of the Methodist Protestant church? Is there a church, which in its principles and constitution, is more exclusively based on the word of God? Is there any other church, in which all the advantages of an Itinerant Ministry are fully preserved, while the essential benefits of an equal, lay and clerical representation, are also secured?

We propose these questions, not by way of boasting, but for the purpose of calling the attention of our ministry and membership to a united, persevering, and powerful effort for the diffusion of religious excellence. The great object, proposed by our church, is, to induce a simultaneous, universal and efficient movement, amongst all the orders of our fellowship, in promulgating pure christianity. It especially hopes to attain this by perpetuating a living and holy ministry, who shall reflect in their spheres the undimmed light of Him who is the "light of the world." Is not such an object worthy the attention of every individual amongst us? Shall it not induce immediate, attentive, and untiring exertions for its accomplishment? Much depends on the deep piety of members and ministers, whose souls shall be baptised with fire and the Holy Ghost—who shall esteem it their highest privilege to embark their means, their influence, their persons, their *all* in the glorious enterprise of announcing to the world the deeds of the Divine Redeemer in the salvation of man. Whilst there are those who go forth into all the world to preach the gospel of Christ to every creature, what shall be expected of others but that they will second their holy efforts, not by their prayers alone, but by willing and most cheerful contributions to the support of such men in such a cause. How can such contributions be rendered abundant and effective among us, better than by the formation of missionary and minister-aid societies, in every station and circuit, of every conference of the Methodist Protestant church, throughout the United States. Let no circuit, however circumscribed in limits or means, say it can do nothing of importance. Every one can and ought to do something, if but five dollars per annum be the amount of their contribution: and where is a circuit or station that cannot raise twenty dollars per annum? others a hundred, two hundred dollars, or even more? Why, then, shall we not commence the work forthwith? O, that every conference, and each society in every conference, may feel a spirit-stirring and wonder-working emulation to be foremost in deeds of Christian Philanthropy!

M. P.

Mr. Editor:—I heartily concur in most of the sentiments advanced in our church journal of last week, by the correspondent W., on the subject of "singing the high praises of God in his earthly sanctuaries."

Certainly His praise should be rehearsed by every human voice in every congregation of saints, where this delightful part of Divine worship is celebrated.

Can that be denominated the praise of the great congregation, where the voice of only one out of every twenty present is employed? Certainly not, will be responded, not only by very real christian, but also by every intelligent non-professor of our holy religion.

The precept, "let all the people praise thee, yea, let all the people praise thee," is not only scriptural, but natural."

It is much to be regretted that the praise of the most high God, in his earthly courts, is so frequently abandoned to a feeble choir, both as to number and voices.



But may we not enquire of our brother "W." if he really believes the choir alone to be censurable. Are not tunes as old as "Old Hundred" itself, and as common as "Georgia," generally raised by the choirs; and yet these are compelled, not only to lead the tunes, but to sustain them throughout the entire Hymn or Psalm, unaided by nearly all the other part of the congregation?

Is it any wonder then, that under circumstances of this sort, the choir finding all their best efforts futile in endeavouring to engage the co-operation of the congregation, should sometimes feel themselves, not only at liberty, but perfectly justified in raising such tunes as the choir themselves feel best qualified to sustain, and best adapted, under the views before stated, to sound out the praises of God, to the full amount of their best efforts?

The ministers themselves, perhaps, have a large share of the responsibilities involved in this matter—did they cheerfully co-operate by lending their personal influence and example, much might be accomplished to redeem the churches from the present very just imputations with which they are charged.

Whilst I approve of the sentiments generally expressed by "W." I must be permitted to think, that in the fervency of his desire to correct very reprehensible evils, he has been betrayed into the use of a few terms and phrases which are somewhat unnecessarily severe, and not perhaps required to place the subject properly and nervously before the christian public.

Hoping that the choirs of the churches, the ministers and the members of the congregations generally, will be suitably affected by the wholesome strictures of "W." I shall conclude these remarks.

Y.

For the Methodist Protestant.

An extract from a communication on Singing.

"That it is both a 'delightful and profitable part of the worship of Almighty God, to be associated with a body of christians offering up the incense of praise in harmonious sounds, we are fully prepared to admit, and the privilege duly to appreciate. But we are not disposed to believe this part of divine worship is so much 'adulterated by the cunning of human wisdom,' as by the want of a knowledge of the science generally in the congregation. Then let the minister impress on the members of his church, the importance of a knowledge of that delightful science; and let the members properly cultivate the powers with which their Maker has blessed them; let them improve their vocal powers, (one of the best gifts of heaven), and 'the time will not be far distant,' when the evils of which 'W.' complains will be removed, and the church will not be under the necessity (of not only receiving but) courting the aid of a 'few wild irreligious persons,' to perform this important part of divine worship, at the hazard of debarring God's worshippers from the benefit of this duty.

Then shall the 'high praise of God' ascend from the devout hearts of worshipping thousands, 'with the spirit and with the understanding also.' A friend to W.

## GENERAL SUMMARY.

### RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

**CHURCHES IN BOSTON.**—In some of our last papers, we have given an account of the number of churches in Philadelphia and New York; the following, taken from the Boston Christian Register, is a list of churches in Boston.

Congregational Unitarian, 12; Congregational Orthodox, 8; Episcopal, 5; Baptist, 5; Methodist, 3; Universalist, 3; Christian, 2; Roman Catholic, 2; Unitarian, 1; Swedenborgian, 1; Friends', 1; Mariners', 2; African, 3; Chapels for the Poor, 4; total, 52.

The Register remarks: "Thus it appears, that New York, with a population of 213,470, according to the late census, has 115 places of worship, or one to every 1856 inhabitants; and Philadelphia, with a population of 161,412, has 92 places of worship, or one to every 1754 inhabitants. Boston, with a population of 61,381 has 52 places of worship, or one to every 1180 inhabitants."

**REVIVAL IN NEW YORK.**—We inserted in our last number, several extracts from our brethren in New York, giving an account of the powerful religious excitement, prevalent throughout our society in that city. The following from the New York Evangelist of the 5th inst. is a notice of the general character of the revival amongst our Presbyterian brethren:—

"Last week we briefly noticed the meetings of the Third and First Presbyteries, conducted with special reference to a revival in this city. The ministers, who originated, and conducted these meetings, were fully convinced of their utility. By their own happy experi-

ence; by a reviving spirit of activity and prayer, in their churches; by many cases of deep conviction, and several of hopeful conversion; and by the deep and increasing interest, visible in the assemblies, which crowded the churches to overflowing, they were encouraged to go on.

They therefore determined to extend these meetings through another week; cherishing, it is believed, the sanguine expectation, that continued and increasing tokens of Divine presence, from the cloud of mercy, will invite them still longer to persevere in these efforts for a revival.

We have attended several of those meetings, and have felt them to be seasons exceedingly precious. With peculiar and thrilling emotions have we listened, while the watchmen of Zion expressed their severe grief, that they and the people of their charge, have, by neglect of prayer and effort, stood in the way of an extensive revival; and have slumbered and slept, while, in this city, there are probably more than ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND *unconverted souls*, who are of sufficient age to know the God of Redemption!

It was with feelings of indescribable interest, that we beheld them, uniting as *brethren*, in their labors and supplications, while they endeavored to bring sinners to Christ, and to lead the people of God up to this glorious work. They felt that they were all enlisted in *one cause*; that they had *one interest*. They took each other by the hand. The people beheld it. The impression was deep, and the influence happy.

We call on all the friends of Zion to pray that this revival may continue, and extend till it become general throughout this city. So far as our voice shall reach, we call on all Christians to aid this work by their prayers; to pour into the ear of Heaven, the effectual, fervent prayer, in behalf of the many thousands here, who are ready to perish. How immeasurably important is a general revival in this place—what a stupendous enterprise of benevolence, the conversion of this city—how mighty the bulwarks that defend this strong hold—how pressing the need of Heaven's aid—how loud the call to you, for "the prayer of faith"—Oh! Christians, *awake, awake at such a call!*"

The Rev. Eli Hinkle, President of the Maryland Conference, has favoured us with a notice of the religious condition of our community in some of the circuits under his superintendence. In a letter to the publisher, he writes:—

*Dear Brother*—In haste I would say, that since our Convention, I have had the pleasure to witness some gracious manifestations at several meetings in different parts of our work. The Quarterly Meeting at Israel's Creek Meeting House, in Pipe Creek Circuit, was a memorable time, indeed. The work had commenced under the labour of our friend and brother J. Winebrenner, who preached several sermons before we met to co-operate with him in storming the walls of sin. This laborious servant continued to work in closest union with us while I staid, which was three days, during which time a goodly number were brought to tremble, cry, and call on the Son of David to have mercy on them; and were enabled to carry the glad tidings away, that he can still pardon poor sinners who believe on his name. I have understood that the work of God is prospering in other parts of that circuit also—The ministers are well received by the people—are zealous and useful. Our brethren appear to be determined to eat their own bread, and worship under their own fig tree. Another new house, I understand, is about to be erected in Woodsberry.

Our Eastern Shore friends have suffered much in consequence of the afflictions of their preacher—yet have they continued to hold on their way. I held, and attended several profitable meetings amongst them, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. We held a Christmas meeting in Chestertown, which was well attended, and a more respectful people to the word preached, I think I have not preached to of late. This is one important step towards heart religion. "Faith comes by hearing," but the word must be heard so as to be understood before it can be properly believed. We have reason to believe that at this meeting, several found the truth to be the power of God unto salvation. May the great Shepherd of souls carry on his work in all the churches!

The Quarterly Meeting for Shippensburg Circuit, in Pennsylvania, was held the 8th and 9th of January, in Carlisle. Our little society in this place are much at a loss for a suitable house for the accommodation of the people who would attend. The room which we occupied (which will probably hold 200 persons) was

crowded, particularly on Sunday night—and God enabled his servants to give *strong drink* to those who were ready to perish; sinners cried in the bitterness of their heart to the Lord for help—some of whom professed to find the pearl of great price. I am much pleased with our prospects in this place; and, indeed, there are good appearances in most parts of this circuit, according to the accounts of the preachers. Several official brethren, who have recently seceded from the M. E. Church, are persons of considerable promise. O, that as we increase in numbers, and acquire a name amongst the thousands of Israel, we may grow in grace, and in the mind which was in the meek and lowly Jesus!

Your's in love,

ELI HINKLE.

February 4, 1831.

P. S. Our preachers, I believe, are generally in health at present, and well received by their people. I regret to find that our dear brother Th. H. Stockton, continues in delicate health.

E. HINKLE.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**Upper Canada.**—Population in March, 1830, was 211,187; increase in the year 1829, 13,284.

In the British West India islands, there are whites, 108,150; slaves, 812,700; free blacks, 143,707.

**Georgia.**—The population of this state in 1830, was 518,337. Whites, 292,289; slaves, 207,991—Increase in the last ten years, 177,348.

**Tennessee.**—It is calculated the inhabitants of this state will number 700,000. In West Tennessee, the rate of increase during the last ten years, is 70 per cent.

**Maryland.**—Population, 291,093 whites; 102,878 slaves; 52,942 free blacks—Total, 446,913.

**Baltimore City.**—Population, 61,714 whites; 4,123 slaves; 14,788 free black—Total, 80,625.

**Congress.**—The "General Appropriation bill" still occupies the attention of the House of Representatives. The bill to raise the duty on imported salt, occasions great discussion; its fate is yet undetermined. Judge Peck has been acquitted, 21 Senators voting him guilty; 22 not guilty: it will be recollected that it requires the concurrence of two-thirds of the members present to convict an impeached person. The bill to repeal the 25th Section of the Judiciary act of 1789, was rejected on the 29th of January, by a majority of 86 votes. 26 members were absent at the time. The following State Delegations were unanimous in their rejection of the bill; viz: Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Vermont, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio, and Indiana.

**Foreign.**—According to the latest advices, Poland has thrown off the Russian yoke; and established a Provisional Government, the arch-duke Constantine having fled to the Empire. Of course Russia will attempt to re-establish her authority over provinces, which, howsoever unjustly acquired, she claims now by a prescriptive right. It is presumable that Prussia and Austria will second the endeavours of the Empire, inasmuch as they both have shared largely in the profits of that base transaction by which persecuted Poland was so iniquitously partitioned amongst her conquerors. It cannot be supposed that France, after having assumed so martial an attitude, and cherished such sentiments as the patriotic La-Fayette boldly and openly avowed in the French Chamber of Deputies, should remain an inactive spectator of the conjunction of the three great powers in such a cause; she will unsheathe her sword to vindicate in other places those principles from which she herself has derived so many beneficial results: Hence, there is the strongest ground of apprehension that, the crisis approaches when Europe shall be involved in a general war.

The Conventional proceedings that should come in here, we defer publishing till next week.

### SELECT EXTRACTS.

*The Advice of the Rev. Legh Richmond to his Daughters.*

"I will now add some remarks, placed under select heads, which may make them more conspicuous, and better remembered: and may God render them useful to you! Keep them constantly with you, and let them be often read over, at least once a week.

### MUSIC.

(Shun all the wretched folly and corruption of light, silly, and amorous songs, on the same principle that you would shun books of the same nature. Sacred music is the true refuge of the Christian musician. I wish your ears, your hearts, and your tongues were oftener tuned to such melodies. The play-house, the opera, and the



concert-room, have deluged the world with the abuses of the heavenly art of music. Music was designed to lead the soul to heaven, but the corruption of man has greatly perverted the merciful intention. Do not you belong to such perverters, nor seem to take pleasure in those who do.

## DRESS.

Aim at great neatness and simplicity. Shun finery and show.

Be not in haste to follow new fashions.

Remember, that with regard to dress, Christians ought to be decidedly plainer, and less showy than the people of the world. I wish it to be said of the females of my house,—"with what evident and becoming simplicity are the daughters of Simplex\* attired." I refer you to my last letter on that subject.

## BEHAVIOUR IN COMPANY.

Be cheerful, but not gigglers.

Be serious, but not dull.

Be communicative, but not forward.

Be kind, but not servile.

In every company, support your own and your father's principles by cautious consistency.

Beware of silly, thoughtless speeches: although you may forget them, others will not.

Remember God's eye is in every place, and his ear in every company.

Beware of levity and familiarity with young men; a modest reserve, without affectation, is the only safe path;—grace is needful here; ask for it; you know where.

## JOURNEYING.

Cultivate knowledge as you travel:—

History, antiquities,—in cities, towns, churches, castles, ruins, &c.

Natural history,—in plants, earths, stones, minerals, animals, &c.

Picturesque taste,—in landscape-scenery and all its boundless combinations.

Cultivate good-humored contentment, in all the little inconveniences incident to inns, roads, weather, &c.

Cultivate a deep and grateful sense of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, in creation and providence, as successively presented to your notice from place to place.

Keep diaries and memoranda of daily events, places, persons, objects, conversations, sermons, public meetings, beauties, wonders, and mercies, as you travel. Be minute and faithful.

Ask many questions of such as can afford useful information as to what you see.

Write your diary daily;—delays are very prejudicial. You owe a diary to yourself, to your friends left at home, and to your father, who gives you the pleasure and profit of the journey.

## PRAYER.

Strive to preserve a praying mind through the day; not only at the usual and stated periods, but every where, and at all times, and in all companies. This is your best preservative against error, weakness, and sin.

Always remember that you are in the midst of temptations; and never more so, than when most pleased with outward objects and intercourse.

Pray and watch; for if the spirit be willing, yet the flesh is deplorably weak.

## RELIGION.

Keep ever in mind that for your own sake and for my sake, you have a religious profession to sustain; and this both in serious and worldly company. Be firm and consistent in them both. Many eyes and ears are open to observe what my children say and do, and will be wherever we go. Pray to be preserved from errors, follies, and offences, which bring an evil name upon the ways of God. You may sometimes hear ridicule, prejudice, and censure assail the friends of true religion;—it ever was, and will be so: but "blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Be not ashamed of Christ here, and he will not be ashamed of you hereafter.

Court and encourage serious conversation with those who are truly serious and conversible; and do not go into valuable company without endeavouring to improve by the intercourse permitted to you. Nothing is more unbecoming, than that, while one part of a company is engaged in profitable and interesting conversation, another part should be trifling, giggling, and talking comparative nonsense to each other.

Ever show the interest which you take in the sub-

\*Mr. Richmond's signature in the 'Christian Guardian.'

jects of schools for the poor, the distribution of tracts, the Bible and Missionary Societies, and all those important topics which so deeply occupy the people of God: and when you can find a congenial friend, talk of heaven and eternity, and your soul and your Saviour. This will be as a shield to your head and your heart.

## ESTIMATE OF CHARACTERS.

Look first for grace. Do not disesteem good people on account of their foibles, or deficiencies in matters of little importance. Gold unpolished is far more valuable than the brightest brass. Never form unfavorable opinions of religious people hastily.—"Charity hopeth all things." Prize those families where you find constant family prayer; and suspect evil and danger where it is avowedly unknown and unpractised. Always remember the astonishing difference between the true followers of Jesus, and the yet unconverted world, and prize them accordingly, whatever be their rank in society.

Gentility and piety form a happy union; but poverty and piety are quite as acceptable in the eyes of God, and so they ought to be ours. Not only are the poor far more in actual number than in rich, but experience proves that the proportionate number of the truly serious amongst the poor is much greater than the corresponding proportion of numbers amongst the rich. Take 1000 poor and 100 rich; you will probably find ten of the latter serious; but 200 of the former shall be so at the same time.

Beware of the critical hearing of sermons preached by good men. It is an awful thing to be occupied in balancing the merits of a preacher, instead of the demerits of yourself. Consider every opportunity of hearing as a message sent you from heaven. For all the sermons you have heard, you will have to render an account at the last day.

## PARENTS.

Seek to make them happy in you.

If you perceive that any thing in your ways makes them otherwise, you ought to have no peace until you have corrected it; and if you find yourself indifferent or insensible to their will and wishes, depend upon it yours is a carnal, disobedient, ungrateful heart. If you love them, keep their commandments; otherwise love is a mere word in the mouth, or a notion in the fancy, but not a ruling principle in the heart. They know much of the world, you very little: trust them, therefore, when they differ from you and refuse compliance with your desires;—they watch over you for God, and are entitled to great deference and cheerful obedience. You may easily shorten the lives of affectionate and conscientious parents, by misconduct, bad tempers, and alienation from their injunctions. Let not this sin be laid to your charge.

L. RICHMOND."

## CURIOUS EXTRACTS.

## SNOW HOUSES OF THE ESQUIMAUX.

Amid all these resources, the monotony of the scene was beginning to be oppressive, when it was relieved by an unexpected incident, which attracted universal attention. On the morning of the 1st February, a number of distant figures were seen moving over the ice, and, when they were viewed through glasses, the cry was raised, "Esquimaux! Esquimaux!" As it was of great importance to deal courteously and discreetly with these strangers, the two commanders formed a party of six, who walked in files behind each other, that they might cause no alarm. The Esquimaux then formed themselves into a line of twenty-one, advanced slowly, and at length made a full stop. In this order they saluted the strangers by the usual movement of beating their breasts. They were substantially clothed in rich and dark deer-skins, and appeared a much more quiet and orderly race than their rude countrymen of the Savage Islands. On the English producing their precious commodities, knives, nails, and needles, an active traffic was set on foot; and the females, on seeing that much importance was attached to the skins which formed their clothing, began immediately to strip off those with which their fair persons were covered. The captains felt alarm for the consequences, under a temperature more than fifty degrees below the freezing point; but were soon consoled by discerning underneath another comfortable suit. They were now cordially invited to enter their habitations, to which they agreed most readily, only that there appeared no habitations to enter. However, they were led to a hole in the snow, and instructed to place themselves on their hands and knees, in which position, having crept through a long winding passage, they arrived at a little hall with a dome-shaped roof, whence doors opened into

three apartments, each occupied by a separate family. These proved to be five distinct mansions, tenanted by sixty-four men, women, and children. The materials and structure of these abodes were still more singular than their position. Snow, the chief product of the northern tempests, became here a protection against its own cold. It was formed into curved slabs of about two feet long and half a foot thick, put together by a most judicious masonry, so as to present a species of dome-shaped structures, rising six or seven feet above the ground, and about fourteen or sixteen feet in diameter. The mode of inserting the key-slab, which bound the whole together, would, it is said, have been satisfactory to the eye of a regularly-bred artist. A plate of ice in the roof served as a window, and admitted the light as through ground glass; which, when it shone on the interior mansions, in their first state of pure and beautiful transparency, produced soft and glittering tints of green and blue. But, alas! ere long, accumulated dirt, smoke, and offal, converted these apartments into a scene of blackness and stench. This little village appeared at first like a cluster of hillocks amid the snow; but successive falls filled up the vacuities, and converted it almost into a smooth surface, so that even boys and dogs were seen walking and sporting over the roofs; though, as summer and thaw advanced, a leg sometimes penetrated, and appeared to the alarmed inmates below. Then, too, the ceiling begins to drip; and the tenants, after repeatedly endeavouring to patch it with fresh slabs, and catching, of course, some severe colds, are obliged to betake themselves to a more durable covering. In each room, suspended from the roof, burns a lamp, with a long wick formed of a peculiar species of moss, fed with the oil of the seal or the walrus, and serving at once for light, heat, and cookery. The family sit round the apartment, on a bench formed of snow, strewn with slender twigs and covered with skins; but this part of the dwelling must be carefully kept a good deal below the freezing-point, since a higher temperature would speedily dissolve the walls of the frail tenement.—*Harper's Family Library.*

## ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

For the Methodist Protestant.

## FROM THE JOURNAL OF A PHYSICIAN AT WHAMPOA.

We had now been lying three months at Whampoa. He, only, who has been a stranger in foreign lands, can tell the melancholy induced by absence from his country, unavailing remembrance of domestic felicity and the endearments of friendship, and anxiety for the fate of those, around whom all the purest and tenderest affections of his nature are twining. There is, too, the brilliant colouring that fancy throws over the minute reminiscence of familiar scenes and faces, and with which she tempts more powerfully the longing eye of that hope, which, "deferred maketh the heart sick." I realized all this and yet more; the complete privation of good society, the tedious monotony of disagreeable duties, the irritability of bad health, and the incessant, unrelieved attendance upon disease in its most grievous forms; these were items in my extra catalogue of miseries. Oh! how I longed for the day when we should unshackle our cable, weigh anchor and point our bows homewards.

Sickness raged violently throughout the harbour. The mournful concert of the ships' bells told every day that death stalked amid the fleet—and humanity sickened at beholding the melting carcasses of the wretched Lascars, ebbing and flowing with the tide. If there had been any public worship of God, any sanctuary in which to deprecate his wrath, any holy man to soothe the last hours of the dying, the horrors of the scene would have been alleviated. But here was no assembling of saints, no minister of God, no sacred temple where the afflicted might bow down their souls before the Almighty. We "sat in the valley and shadow of death," whose gloom was deepened by the darkness of heathenism. The Holy Sabbath came and went as another day—in vain might you list for the chime of the "church-going bell" or look for the congregation of the godly.

I have arisen on a Sabbath morn with a heart deeply impressed by the sanctity of the day, and, ascending on deck, I have gathered inspiration from the works of creation, and adored the Almighty in the temple of nature. I thought of a Sabbath in my own native city; of the holy solitude, the musing stillness of the streets, broken only by the light, quick foot-fall of a delayed worshipper, scarcely touching the pavement in his haste to partake of the blessings of the Lord's house. I thought of the deep tone of the organ, the loud note of the singer, the low sigh of the penitent, the eloquent voice of God's ambassador, till my soul was entranced; and I fancied I sat in the assembly of the righteous, and heard in the purling of the water, the low sigh of the mourner; in the moaning of the wind among the shrouds, the deep tone of the organ; in the clear carolling of birds, the



loud note of the singer; and in the wild adoration of the Chinese worshipper, singing a morning hymn to his God, the eloquent voice of God's ambassador.

In such a reverie as this, I was one morning leaning over the taffrail, when the light tap of the mate on my shoulder, and an earnest voice from a stranger by his side, aroused me from visionary delight to actual and painful duty. "Will you come, Sir," said the latter, "aboard our ship?" "We have a poor lad very ill indeed, and if he weather it much longer, it will be a miracle. I immediately assented to go, and in ten minutes we were aboard the vessel. I learned that the sick man had been confined for three months to his bunk. He laid in the fore-castle, and by the dim light of the rough, dirty skylight, he looked very pale and emaciated. I immediately ordered a state-room in the cabin to be fitted up for his reception, and that he should be carried aft without delay; for his situation required it, as he was evidently sinking beneath the ravages of a consumption. I began too, to feel a strong interest in his case; he appeared so meek, so resigned, and was spoken of so kindly by his comrades and officers. He was gently lifted on deck by three of his shipmates, when he whisperingly desired them to put him down, and let him lean for a moment against the windlass bitts. I stood at a little distance apart, gazing with an intenseness of interest I could hardly account for, on this object of affliction. He was a young man, perhaps about twenty-four or five years of age. His person was tall and slender—his figure had been good, but was a little bent forward by the force of his disease. He stood with his side towards me, so that I could only see his profile. His forehead was high, pale, somewhat receding; his cheek, sunken and white; his eye full, large, blue, and expressive of great sensibility and intellect. In his whole contour, there was a something that awakened in my mind a partial recognition—a curious feeling, like that excited by the image of a dream dimly remembered. "George," said he, in an interrupted, almost inarticulate voice, to one of his assistants, "this sun is brighter than our sun;"—and he passed his thin hand along his brow; "but no!" he continued in a kind of soliloquy, "'tis my eye that is weaker; my senses are withering with my frame, my soul seems retiring from her outposts; a little while, and these imperfect organs are useless; I shall not then hear and see through frail and weakened senses, shall not see 'in a glass darkly,' but face to face and shall know as I am known." Looking abroad, he said; "O! how beautiful is day to the dimmed sight of a sick man!"—And his haggard features lightened with a smile. "'Tis not often I look on such a scene—never did the sun shine brighter, the sky look more blue, the waters ripple more pleasantly! How softly the hills swell! How green the valleys! How gaily the birds sing! Methinks that looks exactly like the wood I used to roam through, led by a mother's hand." His eye was turned to the shore and glistened with a tear—a grave in the edge of the wood was open, in which they were just depositing the corpse of some ill-fated tar. "Another!" he exclaimed, "poor fellow! A mother's smile shall no more gladden him, nor me"—his countenance fell—"thy will, O God! be done." By this time I had gained a full view of his features, and I knew him. His emotion was fast overcoming his frame, when I had him borne away to his bed.

Yes, I knew him. Harry N— had lived in kindlier days. We had been school-mates and college-mates, till he was nineteen, and I, twenty-one years old. An undiluted friendship then existed between us, which the lapse of many years had not weakened in my bosom, or, I trusted, in his. He was a delightful companion; so disinterested, so sincere, so unartificial, so high-minded, so ardent! Yet he was never gay; his very pleasures were coloured with the saddened hue of melancholy: it might have been from original constitution—or, from a presentiment that the days of his earthly pilgrimage would be few, for already consumption had laid her hand on him—or, from the peculiarity of his contemplations, that were usually engaged in discerning the vanity of the world, and detecting the deformity of its allurements, and the hollowness of its pleasures. I ascribed it chiefly, however, to a strong tendency of his mind to satiety. He was yet a lad, and had made the circuit of what men call pleasures. He never spoke of their recollection as pleasant, or wished for their repetition. He often murmured the words of Cowper:

"It is the constant repetition, stale  
And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,  
That palls and satiates, and makes languid life  
—A pedlar's pack, that bows the bearer down."

Indeed satiety is the inevitable effect of meditation in a reflective and an unregenerate mind. With views of happiness confined to the visible objects of this life, it contemplates the world as a monarch looks at the palace in which he is imprisoned; the tapestry of his walls is brilliant, the hangings of his throne are gorgeous, its cano-

py is of gold; gems sparkle from the roof and mirrors on every side reflect images of himself—"these have I seen before, and there is no beauty in them all," cries the satiated prisoner. The mind unilluminated by the light of religion, when it meditates, feels itself a prisoner in the universe. It looks on the blue heaven and green earth, and exclaims, "I am satiated; grandeur dwindles and beauty fades; I scent no fragrance, and taste no sweetness—why am I compelled with desires for endless, improving variety, to circle forever in the same sphere of pleasures!" There are those whose souls are so minute, whose capacity for happiness is so contracted, that to the end of their lives they find abundance in the pleasures of the world to satisfy. The love of happiness burns so faintly in their cold, torpid natures, that the rotten lumber of life, which feeds it, sufficiently keeps alive the dull fire of their pleasure. There are others whose capacity of enjoyment is so large, that it soon consumes all that the world can bestow. The love of happiness burns high in their bosom, the earth is ransacked for materials to sustain the strength of their fire; the blaze of pleasure for a moment is vivid, but its fuel has gone, and it is quenched in darkness. Such was my friend; with an eye that could take in the grandest, and discern the minutest beauty of nature, he stood in the midst of creation an unexcited, unhappy gazer; for all these things he had seen before, and his soul had extracted all their pleasantness. Rich, intellectual, noble-spirited and polite; his wealth supplied him with luxuries, his intellect brought him applause, his high moral attributes excited unconcealed admiration, and his polite amiability engaged him universal esteem: all these he realized, and was wretched; for satiety had turned the stomach of his enjoyment.

Having finished my collegiate course, I was compelled by controlling circumstances, to leave him in the midst of his unhappiness. I soon obtained a situation as surgeon in the navy; and my duties calling me from home and country, I had no further communication with him but by letter. Our correspondence continued about two or three years, when, by some foul accident, it was interrupted and never again renewed. My thoughts often hovered around the image of my interesting friend, and painfully doubted of his fate. On returning to my country, I spared no exertions—no inquiries to ascertain whether he yet lived, and if so, where was his residence. All was fruitless. Meantime I embarked as surgeon on board of an East Indiaman, bound for Canton, little expecting to witness the circumstances with which the reader has already been made acquainted. It is folly to attempt to describe my sensations, at the recognition of my friend in so painful a situation. Mingled feelings of pity, surprise, love, anguish and delight, quivered throughout my frame.

Having dismissed all attendants, trembling with emotion, I leaned over the birth where he was lying. His eyes were closed—a holy tranquillity pervaded his pale visage. So attenuate was his frame, so thin and transparent his countenance, that his swelling soul seemed as if gazing through the light covering of mortality, and longing to burst the frail walls of her prison. He opened his eyes and they rested on mine—there was an immediate recognition, and for a moment we were both speechless and helpless. He recovered first, and stretching forth his hand, attempted to rise, but fell back on his pillow.—"O, God!" he exclaimed, "I thank thee!" I clasped his hand to my bosom, and in the rapture of silent gratitude, my heart was lifted to the Almighty.

The violence of first emotions had subsided; affectionate questions had been asked and answered. I now sought the explanation of his present condition. Pausing frequently to recruit his strength and recover breath, he said; "I remained at college, after you left, a little better than two years. During this time my predominant disposition, which, you know, was melancholy, strengthened. I had sought happiness in various ways, and ever, without success. For a time the love of fame stirred my spirit. I aspired for eminence as a writer, received my full share of praise, and wondered why I was not happy. I strove, then, in company, to find a light for my darkness: but the wild jests of reckless youth, and the sage proverbs of gray hairs, the prattling playfulness of infancy, and the pleasant gaities of female garrulity, were alike insipid; for satiety was in all. I turned to solitude and asked her for enjoyment; fancy clothed her with unreal attractions, and her aspect at least promised peace: but fancy tired for lack of stimulus; solitude grew unlovely for want of variety—and I was unhappy; for in this also there was satiety. I had heard of Religion: they said that she was an angel from heaven, sent to dry up the source of human wretchedness; that she bore in her bosom the 'pearl of great price,'—unmingled happiness, which she bestowed upon her true worshippers;—that her benediction was joy, and her embrace, blessing for evermore. I sought her as my last resort, with sincerity as I conceived. I inquired for her in my closet and the public temple; I knelt at the altar and in the grove, supplicating the light of her countenance; in my walks by noonday, and my watchings at

midnight, my soul was going out in search of her footsteps; I refrained my feet from sin, and my thoughts from evil; I denied the cravings of my nature, and burthened myself with extraordinary duties: all was in vain; misery increased ten fold; I walked in black darkness, and no star arose on my path. Faith grew weak; my heart, in its bitterness, called all men liars; I charged myself with folly in so long and so ardently pursuing a phantom; I stigmatized religion as a cheat, the world as a lie, and my Maker, as a tyrant;—his frame shook convulsively as he earnestly murmured, "remember not mine iniquities against me, O, God!"—"In a word I abandoned myself to despair, and became a reckless, gloomy infidel."

"My collegiate term was expired, and I returned home. After this I received no more letters from you, and thus, was my wretchedness doubly increased. A mother and an infant brother were my only relatives in this world. The kind, holy, and ardent attentions of the one, and the innocent sympathies of the other, were alike unable to divert my melancholy. 'Dear boy,' my affectionate parent used to say, 'why are you unhappy? is there not strength enough in a mother's love to relieve a son's anguish? cannot her smiles gladden the gloom of his countenance?' 'Dont look so cross, Harry,' my tearful, little brother was wont to say, 'you make mama weep.'—He stopped, for tender recollections overcame his fortitude. At length, heaving a heavy sigh, he said; 'two years passed thus, during which, by some legal process, we were dispossessed of the property, bequeathed by my father to his widow, on which we had so long resided, and from which we had derived our chief support. Compelled to circumscribe our expenses within the bounds of the rigidest economy, we removed to a small residence in the interior of the country, where, if not so luxuriously, we lived as comfortably as before. We passed our days in obscurity, knowing none, nor wishing to be known: this I suppose was why your inquiries, as to our fate, were fruitless. Could I have been happy, the satisfaction of our little circle, notwithstanding our reverse of fortune, would have been complete. But my poor mother was constantly distressed on my account. She saw my health fast yielding to the baneful influence of mental depression, and by the advice of an eminent surgeon, after many misgivings and long hesitation, she resolved to sacrifice her maternal feelings to my ultimate advantage. A voyage to Canton was proposed; and accepted by me without difficulty. It little irked me when or where I might die; 'the sooner the better,' I internally said,—'No matter whether my bones moulder in the tomb, or furnish a meal to the monsters of the sea,—I am content.' Being devoid of sufficient means to pay my passage, by the interest of a few friends I obtained a peculiar situation aboard this ship. I was to have my passage free, and work, if I felt a disposition: but my mother knew not this last item in my agreement. I ever disdained an obligation involving a sacrifice of independence; and of course, discharged all the duties of a sailor, and partook of seamen's fare. I declined the captain's invitation to live in the cabin, but lived with the crew, and was soon looked on as a 'hand.' I felt myself at home among the sailors—they were kind to me; and I was pleased with their shrewdness, their sincerity, their simplicity, their unartificial generosity, and their reckless courage."

(To be continued.)

#### OTTERS.

"We passed, to my surprise, a row of no less than eight or ten large and very beautiful Otters, tethered with straw collars, and long strings, to bamboo stakes on the banks. Some were swimming about at the full extent of their strings, or laying half in and half out of the water—others were rolling themselves in the sun on the sandy bank, uttering a shrill whistling noise, as if in play. I was told that most of the fishermen in this neighbourhood kept one or more of these animals, who were almost as tame as dogs, and of great use in fishing, sometimes driving the shoals into the nets, and sometimes bringing out the larger fish with their teeth. I was much pleased and interested with the sight. It has always been a fancy of mine that the poor creatures whom we waste and persecute to death for no cause but the gratification of our cruelty, might by reasonable treatment be made the sources of abundant amusement and advantage to us. The simple Hindoo shews here a better taste and judgment than half the otter-hunting and badger-baiting gentry of England."—Heber's India.

#### For the Methodist Protestant.

Whether the doctrine and government of a church are wholly, or only in part, on the foundation of Christ and his Apostles, is the blame, or praise of the founders, the builders, and their successors. If the founders and builders have erred, and their successors, after having been convinced of these errors, refuse to correct them, the faults of the founders and builders become the guilt of their successors. W.





## POETRY.

## THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

The Roman sentinel stood helm'd and tall  
Beside the gate of Nain. The busy tread  
Of comers to the city mart was done,  
For it was almost noon, and a dead heat  
Quivered upon the fine and sleeping dust,  
And the cold snake crept panting from the wall  
To bask his scaly circles in the sun.  
Upon his spear the soldier lean'd and kept  
His drowsy watch, and as his waking dream  
Was broken by the solitary foot  
Of some poor mendicant, he raised his lips,  
To curse him for a tributary Jew,  
And slumberously dozed on.

'Twas now high noon.  
The dull, low murmur of a funeral  
Went through the city—the sad sound of feet  
Unmixed with voices—and the sentinel  
Shook off his slumber, and gazed earnestly  
Up the wide street, along whose paved way  
A mourning throng wound slowly. They came on,  
Bearing a body heavily on its bier,  
And by the throng that in the burning heat  
Walked with forgetful sadness, 'twas of one  
Mourned with uncommon sorrow. The broad gate,  
Swung on its hinges, and the Roman bent  
His spear point downwards as the bearers passed  
Beneath their burden. There was one—  
Only one mourner. Close behind the bier,  
Crumpling the pall up in her withered hands,  
Followed an aged woman. Her slow steps  
Falterd with weakness, and a broken moan  
Fell from her lips, thickened convulsively  
As her heart bled afresh. The pitying crowd  
Followed apart, but no one spoke to her.  
She had no kinsmen. She had lived alone—  
A widow with one son. He was her all—  
The only tie she had in the wide world—  
And this was he. They could not comfort her.

Jesus drew near to Nain as from the gate  
The funeral came forth. His lips were pale.  
With the noon's fainting heat. The beaded sweat  
Stood on his forehead, and about the worn  
And simple latchets of his sandals lay  
Thick the white dust of travel. He had come  
Since sunrise from Capernaum, staying not  
To wet his lips at green Bethsaida's pool,  
Nor wash his feet in Kishon's silver springs,  
Nor turn him southward upon Tabor's side  
To catch Gilboa's light and spicy breeze.  
Genesareth stood cool upon the East,  
Fast by the sea of Galilee, and there,  
The weary traveller would rest till eve,  
And on the alders of Bethulia's plains  
The grapes of Palestine hung ripe and wild;  
Yet turned he not aside, but gazing on  
From every swelling mount, beheld afar  
Amid the hills the humble spires of Nain,  
The place of his next errand, and the path,  
Touched not Bethulia, and a league away  
Upon the East lay breezy Gallilee.  
He thought but of his work. And ever thus  
With godlike self forgetfulness he went  
Through all his mission—healing sicknesses  
Where'er he came, and never known to weep  
But for a human sorrow, or to stay  
His feet but for some pitying miracle.  
And in the Garden, when his spirit grew  
'Exceeding sorrowful,' and those he loved  
Forgot him in his agony, and slept—  
How heavenly gentle was his mild reproach—  
'Could ye not watch with me one hour? Sleep on!  
Sleep on!'

Forth from the city gate, the throng  
Followed the aged mourner. They came near  
The place of burial, and with straining hands  
Closer upon her breast she clasped the pall,  
And with a hurried sob, quick as a child's,

And an inquiring wildness flashing through  
The thin gray lashes of her fevered eyes,  
She passed where Jesus stood beside the way.  
He looked upon her and his heart was moved—  
"Weep not!" he said, and as they stayed the bier  
And at his bidding set it at his feet,  
He gently drew the pall from out her hands,  
And laid it back in silence from the dead.  
With troubled wonder the mute crowd drew near  
And gazed on his calm looks. A minute's space  
He stood and prayed. Then, taking the cold hand,  
He said, "Arise!"—and instantly the breast  
Heaved in its cerements, and a sudden flash  
Ran through the lines of the divided lips,  
And with a murmur of his mother's name,  
He trembled and sat upright in his shroud:  
And while the mourner hung upon his neck  
Jesus went calmly on his way to Nain.

ROY.

## A GOOD OLD MAN.

A good old man, is the best antiquity, one  
which we may with least vanity admire. One  
whom time hath been thus long working, and  
like winter fruit, ripened, when others are shak-  
ken down. He hath taken out as many lessons  
of the world as days, and learnt the best thing  
in it—the vanity of it. He looks over his former  
life as a danger well past, and would not  
hazard himself to begin again. His last was  
long broken before his body, and yet he is glad  
this temptation is broke too, and that he is forti-  
fied from it by his weakness. The next door  
of death sads him not, but he expects it calmly  
as his turn of nature, and fears more his recoiling  
back to childishness than dust. All men  
look on him as a common father, and on old  
age, for his sake, as a reverend thing. His very  
presence and face puts vice out of countenance,  
and makes it an indecorum in a vicious man.  
He practises his experience upon youth without  
the harshness of reproof, and in his counsel is  
good company. He has some old stories still,  
of his own seeing, to confirm what he says, and  
makes them better in the telling; yet he is not  
troublesome neither with the same tale again,  
but remembers with them how oft he has told  
them. His old sayings and morals seem proper  
to his beard, and the poetry of Cato does well  
out of his mouth, and he speaks as if he were  
the author. He is not apt to put the boy on a  
younger man, nor the fool on a boy, but can  
distinguish gravity from a sour look, and the  
less testy he is, the more regarded. You must  
pardon him if he like his own times better than  
these, because those things are follies to him  
now, that were wisdom then; yet he makes us  
of that opinion too when we see him, and con-  
jecture those times by so good a relick. He is  
a man capable of a dearthness with the youngest  
men, yet he is not youthfuller for them, but they  
older for him; and no man credits more his ac-  
quaintance. He goes away at last too soon  
whenever, with all men's sorrow but his own,  
and his memory is fresh, when it is twice as  
old.—*Bishop Earle, 1628.*

## GRACE.

Grace is one of the most comprehensive and  
interesting terms, of any with which mankind  
are acquainted; if its real importance was un-  
derstood and experienced by the whole of the  
assembly, each countenance would brighten,  
each heart would leap with joy, and all would  
readily unite in expressing the sentiment of the  
truly excellent Doddridge,

Grace 'tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to the ear!

There is infinitely more in this term, when its  
meaning is comprehended, and its blessings are  
realized, to encourage the heart of man, than

there is in all terms, by which the consequences  
of sin are expressed, to discourage. Grace is  
an effectual remedy for all the spiritual maladies  
of the soul. Sin has not produced an evil, ex-  
perienced by any of mankind, which grace can-  
not effectually counteract and finally remove.  
Hath sin blinded the understanding? Grace can  
impart spiritual perception. Hath sin pervert-  
ed the will? Grace can reduce it to free subjec-  
tion to the authority of God. Are the affections  
defiled? Grace can sanctify them. Is man im-  
poverished? Grace can infinitely enrich him. Is  
he ignorant? Grace can spiritualize him. Is he  
guilty? Grace can pardon and justify him. Is  
he an heir of hell? Grace can make him an heir  
of heaven. Nothing else has ever performed  
such wonders. The loudest note that is heard  
in glory, sounds in praise of grace. It is an in-  
exhaustible theme, its wonders will be "ever  
telling, yet untold."—*J. Hyatt.*

## BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

All communications on business pertaining either to  
the Paper or Book department, to be addressed to John  
J. Harrod, Publisher. Those solely for insertion in the  
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The remittances of the last and present numbers, are  
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## LETTERS RECEIVED THIS WEEK.

Rev. George Thomas,\* Rev. Levi R. Reese,\* Mr.  
Daniel Burrows, Mr. Thomas Wardle, Rev. S. D. De-  
wey, 2; Mr. Thomas Spragen, J. D. Murrell, Esq. Mr.  
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Rev. William W. Hill, Mr. Alexander Allbright, com-  
munication from S., communication from D.

\* The two first omitted last week.

Books have been forwarded since last publication to  
Rev. Wm. Bamber, Rev. Isaac Webster, Mrs. Emmer-  
son, Rev. F. Stier, Frederick, Md. care of Mr. S. Gyers.  
Navigation still obstructed by ice.

## ERRATA.

In the third and fourth lines, second column, page 38,  
for words *sovereign ties* read *sovereignities*; third column,  
same page, in Mr. Shinn's resolution on the subject of  
children, 3d sect. third line, read *privileges for princi-  
ples.*

## TERMS.

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